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THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, AT THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

THE death of General Wolfe was connected with an event which had much influence on the nature and extent of the British possessions in America; we mean the siege and capture of Quebec in Canada. We must briefly detail the circumstances which led to this event.

Canada first became known to the nations of Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century; and the French appear to have been the first to derive commercial advantages from the discovery. In 1524, Francis the First sent out four ships, to make what extensions might be possible to the knowledge already obtained of Canada; but it does not appear that any very decisive results were obtained by the expedition. Ten years afterwards James Cartier was sent out with two small ships, and sailed along the coast of Newfoundland, with a vain hope that he should be able to find a western route to China. In this he was, of course, disappointed, and he returned to England. But in the following year,

that is, 1535, he made more favourable use of his time: he proceeded nine hundred miles up the great river St. Lawrence, and built a fort on the banks. The French received a kind reception from the natives, but were attacked by scurvy, and in the following year Cartier returned to France, with the remainder of his companions.

A few years afterwards, another Frenchman attempted to found a colony in the newly-discovered country, but without success. It appears that half a century passed over without any further attempts to colonize Canada; when, in 1598, the Marquis de la Roche was appointed to the command of any colony that he could establish there, under the French flag. The expedition was wretched and unfortunate in the extreme, and produced no good result. But two years afterwards, a speculator sailed to the new country, and brought home a sufficient cargo of furs to pay the expenses. This drew public attention to the matter, and from that year (1600) the subject

was taken up seriously. An expedition was sent out, which established an infant colony, and in 1608 built Quebec, which has ever since been the principal town in the colony. The settlement was, of course, weak at first, but it strengthened by degrees; and the French found means to ingratiate themselves with the original inhabitants.

It will be remembered that the neighbouring country, which we call the *United States*, was then in the possession of England, and the English began to feel some inconvenience from the growing power of their new neighbour, especially as the French had gained the confidence of the natives. Whenever England and France were at war, the new colony of Canada was sure to be involved in the dispute. In 1629 Quebec was taken by the English Admiral Keith, but was given up again at the next treaty of peace. In 1690, the inhabitants of New England (an English colony) endeavoured to subdue Canada, and bring it under the power of England, but without success. In 1711 another attempt was made, and great expense incurred in fitting out an armament, but again without success. At last, in 1759, another and a successful attempt was made to obtain the same point; the city of Quebec, and soon after the whole colony, were captured by the English, and annexed to the British crown, but the capture cost the lives of the two distinguished leaders of the armies—Montcalm, the French general, and Wolfe, the English.

General Wolfe, the hero on this occasion, was the son of a military officer, and was born in Kent in 1726. He showed in early youth some of the brightest qualities of the human mind, added to those which form a necessary part of the character of a successful general. At the early age of twenty he had not only entered the army, but had drawn forth the eulogium of some of the greatest officers, for his conduct in battle. When war ceased, he employed himself in improving, by every means, the corps under his command, and that corps was always distinguished for regularity and exactness of discipline.

Lord Chatham perceived his merit, and gave him a higher command, which he exercised on two or three occasions with great ability. At last, in 1759, he was placed in command of the expedition destined to take Quebec, to which we lately alluded.

This was an expedition of considerable difficulty and danger. He was to sail up the river St. Lawrence and capture Quebec, which lies on its shores. The place was, by its natural formation very strong, and succours of all kinds had been thrown into the town; and a garrison, consisting of French, Canadians, and Indians, were prepared at all points for the attack. The enemy were encamped along the shore. On the landing of Wolfe at the isle of Orleans, he found it absolutely necessary to seize and to fortify point Levi, and the western parts of the isle; as the Canadians might else prevent a ship from approaching Quebec. These points having been attained, he ordered works to be constructed there for the bombardment of the town. The French endeavoured to prevent the construction of these works, and crossed the river for that purpose, but in vain.

Wolfe, however, found that an attack on the city from the river side would be of small effect; he therefore resolved to carry on the attack on the land side. In order to effect this, he first attempted to land his troops some miles below the town near the falls of Montmorenci; but here he was repulsed by a large division of the French forces, with loss. Foiled in his first attempt to get on shore, Wolfe formed the bold design of ascending to the top of the banks

above Quebec, commonly called the heights of Abraham. After previous preparation, the soldiers clambered up the heights with great difficulty, and the guns were hauled up by means of ropes and pulleys fixed round the trees, with which the banks are covered from top to bottom. At the top the plain commences, and extends close under the walls of the city.

By this arrangement he forced the French to come out of the city, and give him battle in the open plain. The result was a complete victory on the part of the English. But it was a victory purchased with the death of the brave leader. Just at that moment, when victory was almost within his grasp, he received a ball through his wrist; but instantly binding it up, he went on with the same alacrity as before, animating his troops by precept and example. But in a few minutes afterwards a second ball passing through his body, obliged him to be carried off to a small distance in the rear. There, roused from fainting, in the last agonies, by the sound of "They run," he eagerly asked, "Who run?" and being told "the French," and that they were defeated, he said, "then I thank God; I die contented," and almost instantly expired.

Our frontispiece, from Benjamin West's celebrated picture, represents the moment when news is brought to the dying general that victory had declared for the English. This picture attracted extraordinary notice, not only for the event which it celebrated, and the general excellence of the picture, but for West's correct taste in clothing his characters in costume similar to what the real personages wore; whereas hitherto Greek and Roman costume had been given in pictures which had not the slightest reference to Greece or Rome. We cannot do better on this subject than quote the words of Mr. Allan Cunningham.

The multitude acknowledged the excellence of the picture at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy *classical*, complained of the barbarism of boots, and buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior, watching the dying hero, to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry.

The king (George the Third) questioned West concerning the picture, and put him on his defence of this new heresy in art. To the curiosity of Galt we owe the sensible answer of West. "When it was understood," said the artist, "that I intended to paint the characters as they actually appeared on the scene, the archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered, that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1759, in a region of the world unknown to Greeks and Romans, and in a period of time when no warriors wearing such costume existed. The subject I have to present is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fiction, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall certainly lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated—I retract my objection. I

foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." "I wish," said the king, "that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor's getting the picture, but you shall make a copy for me."

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NOTHING can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken *in limine* by persons, well meaning, perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy: that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit; leads them to doubt the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known: but, while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd, and atheism ridiculous; it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing, as a vital principle, an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind; and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature, which it is susceptible of receiving: guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation; but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable. He, who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable, in physical and mathematical science, suddenly dispelled; and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try,—will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind: while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material, relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits,—the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation,—and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him,—must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.—SIR JOHN HERSCHELL.

EVENING SOUNDS.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village-murmur rose.
There as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbed o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

GOLDSMITH.

ON THE COLOUR OF STEAM.

THE reader is probably aware that when water contained in any vessel is heated, its temperature goes on gradually increasing until it attains the boiling point, when its form changes from that of a liquid to that of an air. This air is called "steam," and consists of water combined with a considerable quantity of heat, in the latent form, which the thermometer fails to detect, and whose existence can only be proved by certain methods which are familiar to the scientific. These methods, however, we need not here detail: it is sufficient to state generally, that steam and the water producing it indicate the same temperature to the thermometer; but that the former contains a far larger portion of heat to maintain it in an aërial state than the latter does to retain its liquid state.

The temperature at which water boils is subject to considerable variation, depending chiefly upon three circumstances. 1st. The pressure of the atmosphere, as indicated by the barometer. 2nd. The purity of the water itself. 3rd. The nature of the vessel employed to contain the water. For example, the temperature at which water boils in a glass vessel is a little higher than in a metallic vessel; but for nearly all general purposes it is sufficiently correct to say, that water, exposed to the atmosphere, boils at 212° Fahrenheit.

When we see a kettle of boiling water standing on the fire, and steam issuing from the spout, we have an instance of water in an aërial state. But this ought more properly to be called *vapour*, produced by the partial condensation of steam, by the cold air into which it is projected. Steam is invisible, as we shall find it to be if we watch the spout of the tea-kettle before the cold air has operated upon it.

But there are many instances in the arts and manufactures, of water being made considerably hotter than 212°; and other instances of boiling at a much lower temperature are frequent. If we heat water *in vacuo*, where the air cannot exert any pressure upon it, so as to prevent the formation of steam or vapour, we shall find that it will boil at so low a temperature as 90°. If, on the contrary, we heat water in a kettle which is both air and water tight, the water will arrive at a temperature far beyond 212° without boiling; and the tendency of the steam to escape will be so great, that the kettle, unless excessively strong, will burst with a tremendous explosion. This is what so often occurs with steam-boilers, (which are nothing more than large tea-kettles,) when they are not made sufficiently strong to resist the expansive force of the steam forming within; or when they become so weakened by corrosion and wear, as not to be able to withstand the same internal pressure.

Now the steam which is partially condensed by the air is generally of a colour which resembles that of the beautiful little clouds which we sometimes see floating in the air on a bright summer's day. But Professor Forbes has recently stated, that happening to stand near a locomotive engine on the Greenwich railway, which was discharging a vast quantity of high-pressure steam by its safety-valve, he chanced to look at the sun through the ascending column of vapour, and was surprised to see it of a very deep orange red colour, exactly similar to dense smoke, or to the colour imparted to the sun when viewed through a common smoked glass. Some time after, being on the Newcastle and Carlisle railway, he again watched for the repetition of such an appearance, and observed an important modification of it. "For some feet or yards from the safety valve at which the steam blows, its colour for transmitted light is the deep orange colour before described. At a greater distance, how-

ever, the steam being more fully condensed, the effect entirely ceases: even at moderate distances the steam-cloud is absolutely opaque to the direct solar rays, the shadow it throws being as black as that of a dense body; and when the thickness is very small, it is translucent, but *absolutely* colourless, just like thin clouds passing over the sun, which have indeed a perfect analogy of structure. When the steam is in this state, no indication of colour is perceptible in passing from the thickness corresponding to translucency, to that which is *absolutely opaque*."—*Philosophical Magazine*, No. 86.

The reader is probably aware that solar light, which illuminates one-half of our earth by day, and which we usually call *white* light, is a compound of the three simple or primitive colours, red, yellow, and blue. If we allow the solar light to fall upon a triangularly shaped piece of glass, called a *prism*, such light is decomposed in passing through the prism, and we get an image consisting of seven colours, viz., red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. The orange, green, indigo, and violet, are produced by certain admixtures of the other three colours, which are simple. The flames employed in artificial illumination, propagate white light with an excess of yellow, but in some instances there is an excess of red.

There are a large variety of bodies in nature which possess the property of absorbing certain colours, and reflecting the remainder: thus white light falls upon a green table-cover; the red rays are absorbed by the texture or dye of the cloth; the yellow and blue are reflected, and constitute that compound colour which the eye recognises as *green*. The manner in which certain rays are absorbed,—*why* they are absorbed,—and the phenomena of absorption generally, are not very well understood; but we are by its means enabled, if not to explain, at least to classify a large number of facts in Chromatics, (that department of optical science which relates to *colour*,) which would otherwise be inconveniently dispersed and unsystematised.

Now it seems to have escaped the observation of philosophers, previous to the time at which Professor Forbes writes, that steam, in certain states of condensation, is one of those bodies which are absorptive of colorific rays. This property of steam must, as the professor observes, have been witnessed by thousands of persons; but it has happened here, as is often the case, that not one of the spectators of this curious fact was aware of the valuable scientific information contained in it, until it was witnessed by one whose mind had been prepared by the study of nature to receive the fact, and appreciate its value. Professor Forbes proceeded to investigate the matter. He procured a high-pressure boiler, and tried the action of steam by night upon the artificial light of a lamp. The steam issued from a stop-cock in the top of the boiler, having a bore of a quarter of an inch. When the safety-valve was loaded with 50 lbs. on the inch, the steam issued nearly invisible; and near the jet it was perfectly colourless. As the light was raised, the orange colour appeared at the height of a few inches above the cock, and rapidly deepened up to a height of about twenty inches; after which it appeared that the rapid condensation of the steam only rendered it more opaque, without deepening its hue. On decomposing the light by means of a prism, and viewing the spectrum through the steam, the violet end was almost instantly absorbed, and then the whole of the blue which contributed to form the green. When the steam issued in greatest quantity, all the colours seemed changed except the red. Most of the

orange, the yellow, and as much of the green as was not absorbed, had a dirty disagreeable hue.

We will not follow the professor further in his inquiry, which possesses, perhaps, more interest for the scientific than for the general reader. It will be satisfactory, however, to inform those who are anxious to know the use of an inquiry, before they become interested in its pursuit, that the facts as elicited by Professor Forbes, and the field of inquiry which they throw open, will tend to assist one most important branch of science, which indeed requires assistance, *viz.*, *Meteorology*. It will probably enable us to understand better by the colours of clouds, the state of the vapours which compose them,—how far it is condensed,—and what changes of weather may be expected from nubeous phenomena. In a climate like ours, where clouds form so important a feature in the aspect of our skies, any inquiry tending to elucidate their formation and action ought to be received with attention by those who desire to become "weather-wise," with the assistance of science, instead of the dogmas of quackery.

SING ME A LAY.

SING me a lay,—not of knightly feats,
Of honour's laurels, or pleasure's sweets;
Not of the brightness in beauty's eye,
Not of the splendours of royalty;
But of sorrow, and suffering, and death, let it tell,—
Of the owl's shriek, and the passing bell,
Of joys that have been, and have ceased to be:—
That is the lay—the lay for me.

Twine me a wreath,—but not of the vine,
Of primrose, or myrtle, or eglantine;
Let not the fragrant rose breathe there,
Or the slender lily her white bosom bare;
But twine it of poppies so dark and so red,
And cypress,—the garland that honours the dead;—
And ivy, and nightshade, and rosemary:—
That is the wreath—the wreath for me.

Bring me a robe,—not such as is worn
On the festal eve, or the bridal morn,
Yet such as the great and the mighty must wear;
Such as wraps round the limbs of the brave and the fair;
Such as Sorrow puts on, and she ceases to weep;
Such as Pain wraps round him, and sinks to sleep;
The winding-sheet, my garment shall be:—
That is the robe—the robe for me.

Oh ! for rest,—not on Beauty's breast,
Not on the pillow by young Hope prest,
Not 'neath the canopy Pomp has spread,
Not in the tent where shrouds Valour his head.
Where grief gnaws not the heart, though the worm may
feed there,
Where the sod weighs it down, but not sorrow or care;
The grave, the grave, the house of the free:—
That is the rest—the rest for me.—HENRY NEELE.

CAN there be that man who shall take even a rose into his hand, and not wonder as well as admire; not love as well as wonder; and not love the giver, as the gift? Beauty of form, beauty of colour,—variety, through nature and through art,—odours never wearying, gentle as sweet, and various as delicate,—profusion of produce,—a constitution through which it occupies all the year, and every climate on the globe:—such is the queen of flowers, the ever admired and beloved, of the untutored as of the civilized, in all ages and throughout all the world. Even on this little flower has the finger of God written, in language that cannot be mistaken: "In this too have I cared for you as for my children: even in this have I intended your happiness, as for that I have wrought in a thousand ways. Will you not acknowledge it? Will you not at least learn to enjoy my blessings, that you may make the first step to the gratitude which is my due?"—MACCULLOCH.



THE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

FROM Jerusalem, the scene of our Lord's trial and crucifixion, the pilgrim proceeds to visit Bethlehem, the place of his nativity. Proceeding through the Jaffa gate, he turns to the left, and descending the sloping bank into the ravine, he passes the pool of Hezekiah on the right: then ascending a rocky flat, he advances in a south-west direction, over a rocky and unfruitful soil, where a few occasional patches only, refresh the eye with scanty crops of grain, grass, and wild flowers. The guide points out to him the ruined tower of Simeon, the Greek monastery of Elias, and the tomb of Rachel. The first view of Bethlehem is described as imposing. The town covers the ridge of a hill, on the southern side of a deep and extensive valley, and extends from East to West. The most prominent object is the monastery, built over the supposed "Cave of the Nativity:" its walls and battlements give it the appearance of an extensive fortress. The Dead Sea is seen below, on the left, and appears to be near; "but not so found by the traveller," says Sandys, "for those high declining mountains are not to be directly descended." The road winds round the upper part of a valley, which is said to be the scene of the vision of angels, who announced the glad tidings of the Saviour's birth to the Shepherds; but the particular spot is by no means settled.

Bethlehem, which was made a fortified town by Rehoboam, 973, B.C., is about six miles from Jerusalem. It received its name which signifies *the house of bread*, from Abraham. It is also called in the Old Testament Bethlehem Ephrata, and in the New Testament Bethlehem of Judæa, to distinguish it from Bethlehem of Zabulon. David was born in Bethlehem of Judæa, and here he passed his early years in the peaceful occupation of a shepherd; until his conflict with the Philistine giant opened, under Divine Providence, a more glorious career for him. Here also were born many of the Scripture worthies; such as Abijah, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, Boaz, and Matthias the Apostle; and here also is supposed to have been the scene of the beautiful eclogue of Ruth.

The Protestant traveller to Bethlehem is offended at the many illusions which are presented to him by Romish superstition, which has converted this interesting historical town into a pious show-place. During the troubles which attended the fall of the

Roman empire Saint Jerome retired to this place, and passed the greater part of his life in the retirement of a peaceful grotto, where he wrote his commentaries on the Scripture, and pointed out many places in Bethlehem and its vicinity which, five centuries before, had been dignified by events connected with our Saviour's birth and life. The very attempt to identify such places must be attended with very questionable success; but St. Jerome has continued up to the present day to be the Roman Catholic authority in such cases. Thus, the stable in which our Lord was born is pointed out as a *grotto*, cut out in the rock; and on one side in a kind of recess, a little below the level of the rest of the floor, is a block of white marble, hollowed in the form of a manger, which is said to indicate the spot where the infant Jesus was laid upon straw. Now it appears from the gospel narrative that the virgin did not take refuge in a cave or grotto, but in a manger belonging to the inn or *khan*; the rooms of the latter being full of guests, the holy family took up their abode in the *court* allotted to the beasts of burden.

Over this grotto, the supposed scene of the nativity, a church has been built in the form of a cross. The nave is adorned with four rows of Corinthian columns, each column is eighteen feet high, and two feet six inches in diameter. As the roof of the nave is wanting, the columns support only a frieze of wood, which supplies the place of the architrave and the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests on the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support a roof, which no longer exists, or which was perhaps never finished. The remains of some paintings on wood and in mosaic, are also seen. The nave, which is occupied by Armenians, is separated from the three other branches of the cross, by a wall, which thus destroys the unity of the building. The upper part of the cross is occupied by the Greeks as a choir. Here is shown an altar dedicated to the "Wise men of the East;" at the foot of which is a star, cut in marble, corresponding, as the monks say, to the point of the heavens where the miraculous meteor stood still, and directly over the spot where the Saviour was born in the subterraneous church below. Fifteen steps and a narrow passage conduct to the sacred crypt of the nativity, which is thirty-seven feet and a half long, eleven feet broad, and nine feet high. It is

lined and floored with fine marble, and furnished on each side with five oratories, or chapels for prayer, "answering precisely," as Chateaubriand says, "to the ten cribs or stalls for horses contained in the stable in which our Saviour was born." On the eastern side is the supposed spot already alluded to, where the Saviour was born. This spot is marked by a glory on the pavement, composed of marble and jasper, and encircled with silver bearing the inscription,

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

Over this is a marble table or altar resting against the side of the rock, here cut into an arcade. The manger is seven paces distant from the altar. The chapel does not receive any light from without: it is illuminated by thirty-two lamps presented by different Christian princes.

Chateaubriand*, in his usual florid style, says,—

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite devotion, than this subterranean church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools representing the mysteries of the place: the Virgin and Children after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Approach of the Shepherds, and all those miracles wherein sublimity and innocence are combined. The usual ornaments of the manger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually burning before the cradle of the Saviour. I have heard an organ, touched by a skilful hand, play during mass the sweetest and most tender airs of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to graze, comes, like the old shepherds of Bethlehem, to adore the King of kings in his manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi with a fervour, a piety, a devotion unknown to the Christians of the west. "No spot in the universe," says Father Néret, "inspires more devotion. The constant arrival of the caravans from all Christian nations—the public prayers—the prostrations—even the richness of the presents sent here by the Christian princes,—all this produces sensations in the soul which are far more easy to feel than to describe." "Let us add," continues Chateaubriand, "that these scenes are made still more striking by an extraordinary contrast; for, on quitting the grotto you leave behind you splendour, riches, arts, and the religion of a civilized people; and you are transported into a profound solitude in the midst of the deserts of Arabia, among half-clad savages and Mussulmans without faith. And yet this was the scene of so many wondrous miracles; this the sacred ground whereon joy may no longer appear:—the remembrances of its glory are enclosed within its bosom."

We have dwelt thus long on the subject of the chapel at Bethlehem, from a feeling that any authentic information respecting our Saviour's birth-place must be received with interest; but happily our purer form of faith rejects the ornaments and the display which merely mark the supposed site of an event, which constitutes the hope of that blessed immortality promised to those who believe in and rest upon "the record that God gave of his Son."

The village of Bethlehem contains about three hundred inhabitants, most of whom gain their living by the manufacture of beads, crucifixes, &c., which are eagerly purchased by the pilgrims. The monks of this place also enjoy the privilege (heathenish though it be) of marking the limbs of devotees with crosses and other Romish devices, by means of gunpowder.

In Bethlehem is also shown a deep and large cistern, in which the bodies of the infants murdered by the command of Herod are said to have been thrown.

On the north-eastern side of the town is a deep valley, where tradition says the angels appeared to

the shepherds. Here also is a fountain, said to be that for whose water David so earnestly longed, when oppressed by the heat of day and his conflict with the Philistines. By referring to 2 Samuel xxiii. 15, 18, the reader will find an account of this interesting event. Dr. Clarke stopped and drank of the delicious water of this fountain, and thinks, from its correspondence with the descriptions of the sacred historian and of Josephus, as well as from the permanent character of natural fountains, that there can be no doubt of its identity.

About two miles from the town is the tomb of Rachel, who was buried here by Jacob during his pilgrimage, as we read in Genesis xxxv. 19, 20. Her tomb is now covered by a small square Mohammedan building, surmounted by a dome, resembling the tombs of saints and sheiks in Arabia and Egypt.

Bethlehem is now called Beit-Lahm or Beit-el-Ham. It stands on a chalky soil, and the air is salubrious. Authors are not agreed as to the fruitfulness of the soil. Chateaubriand says significantly, "I nowhere remarked that fecundity which has been attributed to the valley of Bethlehem: it is, however, true that under a Turkish governor the most fertile soil degenerates in a few years into a desert." Dr. Wittman says that

The sides of the mountain on which the town is situated, were, as well as the summit, interspersed with fine vineyards, banked in with stones, which must have cost a prodigious labour to the cultivators. The grapes they yielded were remarkably large and finely flavoured. In addition to these we saw figs, pomegranates, and an abundance of olives, on which fruits the inhabitants in a great measure subsist. In the valleys some corn is produced; and the bread made from it is of an excellent quality. The dews, which fall in great abundance, are highly favourable to the vegetation in general.

ACCIDENTS IN ANCIENT CHURCHES.

WHILE Mr. Telford resided in Shrewsbury Castle, under the patronage of Sir William Pulteney, an accident happened in the town, which ought to find a place in his biography. The collegiate and parochial church of St. Chad was founded by the kings of Mercia, in the seventh century, upon the final conquest of Shrewsbury by the Saxons, and the edifice was burnt in the reign of Richard the Second, by the carelessness of a plumber, who did not (as is too usual) escape with impunity. He was terrified at seeing the church in flames, and in his flight, attempting to ford the Severn, was drowned.

The church was rebuilt, and after four centuries, in the year 1778, one of the four pillars which supported the tower in the middle of the church was observed to crack in various places. These alarming appearances in the mother church of the town created general anxiety, and Sir William Pulteney sent Mr. Telford to inspect the state of the fabric. His report to the assembled Parish Vestry was, That in consequence of graves having been dug in the loose soil, close to the shallow foundation of the N.W. pillar of the tower, it had sunk, so as to endanger the whole structure, and that the ruin of the church must speedily ensue, unless it were immediately secured by a thorough repair; and he recommended that the bells should be removed and the tower taken down forthwith, so as to permit the shattered pillar to be restored and secured, when relieved from the vast superincumbent weight. But the Parish Vestry, which met in the church on this occasion, exclaimed against such an expensive proposal, and some of them imputed interested motives to Sir William Pulteney's Scottish architect; upon which Mr. Telford left them, saying, "That if they wished to discuss anything

* Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem, &c.; Troisième Partie.

besides the alarming state of the church, they had better adjourn to some other place, where there was no danger of its falling on their heads."

The Vestry then proceeded to direct a mason to cut away the injured part of the pillar, in order to underbuild it; and, on the second evening after commencing this infatuated attempt, the sexton was alarmed at the fall of lime-dust and mortar, when he attempted to raise the great bell for a knell on the decease of a parishioner. He left the church immediately, and the next morning (9 July, 1788), while the workmen were waiting at his door for the church-key, the clock struck four; and the vibration, produced by the motion of the chime-barrel, brought down the tower, which overwhelmed the nave of the church, demolishing all the pillars on the north side of it, and shattering the rest. It was now perceived that the walls and pillars of the church, as is seen in many such ancient structures, consisted of a mere outside coating of freestone, the interior being filled with a mass of rubbish which crumbled into dust. Among this, and in the very heart of the pillars, were found stones rudely carved, which were evidently of Saxon sculpture, and had been ruins of the ancient church, thus applied in building the second church in the reign of Richard II. The present church was entirely rebuilt in the interval from 1788 to 1798, but in a manner which does no credit to the taste of the architect.

The catalogue is lamentable of ancient churches which have fallen from want of attention, and especially from grave-digging near the walls and pillars. The middle tower of the abbey church of Selby fell in the year 1690, and destroyed half the church. So at Whitchurch (Salop), at Banbury in Oxfordshire, Chelmsford in Essex, and at Great Shelford in Cambridgeshire. The city of Hereford was deprived of its principal ornament by the fall of the west tower and magnificent west portal of the cathedral, which suddenly became a heap of ruins, in the year 1781; and the workmanship was too expensive for modern imitation, although the west end of the cathedral has been decently restored by a good architect.—*Life of Thomas Telford.*

A SKETCH OF MOSCOW,

IN A LETTER FROM BISHOP HEBER TO HIS MOTHER.

My dear Mother, Moscow, Jan. 4, 1806.

Our journey has been prosperous, and, after about ninety hours' continued jolting, we arrived safely at Moscow about eight o'clock last night. Mr. Bayley came with us, and we found his knowledge of the Russian language and manners of great service to us on the road. Our method of travelling deserves describing, both as being comfortable in itself, and as being entirely different from anything in England. We performed the journey in Kibitkas, the carriages usually employed by the Russians in their winter journeys; they are nothing more than a very large cradle, well covered with leather, and placed on a sledge, with a leathern curtain in front; the luggage is packed at the bottom, the portmanteaus serving for an occasional seat, and the whole covered with a mattress, on which one or more persons can lie at full length, or sit, supported by pillows. In this attitude, and well wrapped up in furs, one can scarcely conceive a more luxurious mode of getting over a country, when the roads are good, and the weather not intense; but in twenty-four, or twenty-five degrees of frost, Reaumer, no wrapping can keep you

quite warm; and in bad roads, of which we have had some little experience, the jolting is only equalled by the motion of a ship in a storm.

In the weather we were very fortunate, having a fine clear frost, about as mild as an English Christmas. Our first forty hours were spent in traversing an unfertile and unlovely country, the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw, with nothing but occasional patches of cultivation, and formal fir woods, without a single feature of art or nature which could attract attention. Once indeed, from a little elevation, we saw the sun set to great advantage; it was singular to see it slowly sinking beneath the perfectly level horizon of the sea of land which surrounded us. The night which followed was distinguished by more jolting than usual; and about sunrise, Thornton drew the curtain, and cried out,—"England!" I started up, and found we were on the summit of a low range of stony hills, with an enclosed and populous country before us, and a large town, Valdai, which, with its neighbourhood, had some little resemblance to Oxford, as seen from the Banbury road. This is, in fact, the boundary of Ancient Russia; all beyond were the territories of Novgorod, Istria, and the other countries they have conquered. The whole plain from Valdai to Moscow is very level, entirely arable, generally common fields, with some shabby enclosures, thickly set with villages and small coppices, in which the firs begin to be relieved by birch, lime, ash, and elm. Tver and Torshok are large towns, but have nothing in them to detain a traveller. During this journey I was struck by observing the very little depth of snow on the ground, which was not more, nor so much, as we often see in England, and no where prevented my distinguishing the meadows from the stubble-fields. Mr. Bayley said he had often made the same observation, and that it was not peculiar to the present year.

We had our guns with us; and often left the Kibitka in pursuit of the large black grouse, of which we saw several,—a noble bird, as large as a turkey. They were, however, so wild, we could not get a fair shot. We had some hopes of killing a wolf, as one or two passed the road during the first part of our journey; but it was during the night: and before we were fairly roused, and could get our guns ready, they were safe in the wood. In severe winters they are sometimes easily shot, as they keep close to the roadside, and, when very much famished, will even attack the horses in a carriage: they are not considered dangerous to men, except in self-defence.

Of the people, we, of course, saw but little; though, having so good an interpreter with us, we asked many questions, and went into several of the cottages, which we found much cleaner than we expected, but so hot that we could not endure to remain in them long. A Russian cottage is always built of logs, cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two stories, one of which is half sunk, and serves as a store-house; two thirds of the upper story are taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet, where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which (for the chimney is only a small flue on the side) serves as a favourite sitting and sleeping-place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat, and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton: the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or the floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no

respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea, and cream,—nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us.

The country people are all alike, dirty, good-humoured fellows, in sheep-skin gowns, with the wool inwards. The drivers crossed themselves devoutly before beginning each stage, and sung the whole way, or else talked to their horses. A Russian seldom beats his horse, but argues with him first, and at last goes no further than to abuse him, and call him wolf or Jew, which last is the lowest pitch of their contemptuous expressions. Their horses are much larger and better fed than the Swedish, and, when talked to, *secundum artem*, trot very fast. Nothing on our journey surprised us so much as the crowds of single-horse sledges, carrying provisions to Petersburg; it would not be exaggerating to say that we passed, in twenty-four hours, about a thousand. Every article of necessary consumption must, indeed, be brought from a distance, as the neighbourhood of Petersburg produces nothing to "make trade," very little to "make eat." When I have seen the fine fertile country, abounding in everything good and desirable, which Peter deserted for the bogs and inclement latitude of the Neva, I wonder more and more at the boldness and success of his project. It is as if the King of England should move his capital from London to Bamff, and make a Windsor of Johnny Groat's house.

We reached this vast overgrown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight, and consequently saw it to great advantage; though, as we passed along its broad irregular streets, we could not but observe the strange mixture of cottages, gardens, stables, barracks, churches, and palaces. This morning we have been much delighted with a more accurate survey. Moscow is situated in a fine plain, with the river Moskva winding through it, the town is a vast oval, covering about as much ground as London and Westminster. The original city is much smaller; it forms one quarter of the town, under the name of Katai-gorod, the city of Cathay; it has preserved the name from the time of the conquest of Russia by the Tartars, when they seized on the city, and made the Russians quit their houses, and build without its walls, what is now called Bielgorod, or White Town. Kitai-gorod is still surrounded by its old Tartar wall, with high brick-towers, of a most singular construction; the gates are ornamented in the old oriental style, and several of the older churches have been originally mosques. But it is in the Kremlin, or palace quarter, that the principal vestiges of the Khans are displayed; their palace still exists entire, and is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. As I walked up its high staircase, and looked round on its terraces and towers, and the crescents which yet remain in their gilded spires, I could have fancied myself the hero of an eastern tale; and expected, with some impatience, to see the talking-bird, the singing-water, or the black slave with his golden club. In this building, which is now called the treasury, are preserved the crowns of Kasan, Astracan, and Siberia, and of some other petty Asiatic kingdoms. The first entrance to the Kremlin, after passing the great Saracenic gate, is excessively striking, and the view of the town and river would form a noble panorama.

I was, indeed, so well satisfied with what I saw from the court-yard, which is very elevated, that I was not a little unwilling to do what is expected from all strangers,—to clamber up the tower of St. Michael, to see a fine prospect turned into a map. The tower stands in the middle of the court: half-

way up is the gallery, whence the ancient monarchs of Russia, down to the time of Peter the Great, used to harangue the assemblies of the people. Before it is a deep pit, containing the remains of the famous bell cast by the Empress Anne, and about three times the size of the great bell at Christ Church. It was originally suspended on a frame of wood, which was accidentally burnt down, and the weight of the bell forced it, like the helmet of Otranto, through the pavement, into a cellar.

On each side of the Michael tower is a Christianized mosque, of most strange and barbarous architecture; in one of which the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and in the other they are buried. The rest of the Kremlin is taken up by public offices, barracks, the archiepiscopal palace, and two or three convents. An immense ditch, with a Tartar wall, surrounds it; and it is approached by two gates, the principal of which a Russian never passes with his hat on. * * * The houses, with the exception of some vast palaces of the nobility, are meanness itself. The shops are truly Asiatic, dark, small and huddled together in long vaulted bazaars, and the streets ill-paved and lighted.

January 10th. Of the society, we have seen too little to form any judgment. We have called on the governor, and some other persons to whom we had letters of introduction, and have been civilly received. We have also been at two private concerts, at one of which we met Madame Mara, who is now here with Signor Florio, and who sung but very carelessly. Concerts are fashionable at Moscow; and cards, as may be expected in a society, which, though they will not allow it, is certainly at present provincial, are much more common than at Petersburg. The society consists, in a great measure, we are told, of families of the old nobility, and superannuated courtiers, who live in prodigious state, and, from what we have seen, great and almost cumbersome hospitality. Some of their daughters seem tolerably accomplished, and very good-natured, unaffected girls. We have seen nothing remarkably beautiful, though the bloom and fresh complexions of Moscow are often envied by the Petersburg belles.

We promise ourselves a great deal of amusement and instruction, from the number of old officers and ministers who have figured in the revolution, and the busy scenes of Catherine's time. This being Christmas day, according to the Russian calendar, we are going to the grand gala dinner of the governor's: it is necessary for us to go in full uniform, which, indeed we must frequently do; as "the old courtiers of the queen, and the queen's old courtiers," are much more attentive to such distinctions than the circle we have left in Petersburg. The English nation is said to be in high favour here, and we were much gratified by the cordial manner in which many persons expressed themselves towards us. We have been rather fortunate in seeing a splendid Greek funeral, attended by a tribe of priests, deacons, and archimandrites, under the command of one archbishop and two subalters. The archbishop was a Circassian, and one of the bishops a Georgian. The "Divine Plato" is not now in Moscow. I am eagerly expecting news from you, which, with some regard to the news from Germany, must decide our future tour.

Believe me, dear Mother, yours affectionately,
REGINALD HEBER.

[WILLMOTT'S Letters of Eminent Persons.]

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